



Gc
929.2
T3367h
1987596

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01393 9183

Bind in Covers

MR. HILL'S DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT THE INTERMENT OF

REV. NATHANIEL THAYER, D. D.

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. NATHANIEL THAYER, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE FIRST

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SOCIETY

IN LANCASTER,

DELIVERED AT HIS INTERMENT,

JUNE 29, 1840.

BY ALONZO HILL,

Minister of the Second Society in Worcester.

WORCESTER:
PRINTED BY SPOONER & HOWLAND.
1840.

LANCASTER, JULY 4, 1840.

REV. ALONZO HILL,

Dear Sir,—In behalf of the Church and Society we would thank you for the impressive and eloquent Discourse delivered at the funeral of our late lamented Pastor, and in their name request of you a copy for the press.

With much respect,

Your obedient servants,

SILAS THURSTON, }
WARREN DAVIS, } *Parish*
NATH'L WARNER, } *Committee.*

DISCOURSE.

=

1987596

PSALM 12: 1.

HELP, LORD, FOR THE GODLY MAN CEASETH; FOR THE
FAITHFUL FAIL FROM AMONG THE CHILDREN OF MEN.

No language can represent the transitoriness of human life more forcibly than that which is used in Scripture. Its emblems are found in the frailest things in nature and the most uncertain events in human experience. It is a vapor that floats in unsubstantial masses above us; the sun rises, and it vanishes. It is a shadow that passes over the valley; the interposing cloud goes by, and it disappears. It is as the flower of the plain and the grass of the field; the foot of the unconscious traveller tramples upon it, and it withers; the scythe of the mower goes over it, and it is cut down. The Lord of life has committed to his servants his treasures—the rich treasures of the mind and heart—the means of usefulness and virtue and happiness, and he may come for them in the morning or evening, at midnight or midnoon. Help, Lord, is the desponding cry of the Psalmist; as if he

#6. on Tuttle. Mar 8-1978 PO 8640

feared that death in his unsparing progress and indiscriminate slaughter would cut off all the godly and cause the faithful among the children of men to fail.

And how truly do the realities of life correspond with the representations of Scripture. We are in the midst of a vain show. We are daily and hourly reminded of our frailty. We are taught by each passing object our insecurity. Where can we go, in what can we engage, and not be the associates of the dead? What means of safety, improvement, or happiness do we possess, which do not come from them? Think a moment. The great public blessings which we enjoy, the language which we speak, the religion in which we are educated, all come from the dead. How many of the books which we read, how many of the maxims and opinions of the living, how many of the discoveries in art and science, how many of our public improvements and private conveniences, how many of the dwellings which shelter us and the temples in which we worship, are the works of the dead. How large is their sphere, how wide is their empire, compared with that of the living. Instead then of being only occasionally reminded of the dead, when their image is forced upon the attention, we have them all around us, mingling in all the scenes of mortal existence, providing for our comfort, filling for us the cup and spreading for us the table of enjoyment, and contributing to the cheerfulness of the morning and the repose of evening.

Reflect still further. Frailty is written on the very constitution of our frames. How tender and susceptible

are its most important organs. The sting of an insect, or the slightest puncture may derange and destroy them. How thin a covering protects the seat of thought and intelligence. A blow which a child might inflict, or a fall to the ground may disorder the brain, dispossess reason of its throne, and darken the intellect forever. Put your hands upon your bosom. You may almost bathe them in the fountains of life. How slight a barrier prevents them from forsaking their accustomed channel and from gushing out. Close your eyes this night in slumber, and how near do you approach the regions of death. You lie as insensible to all passing objects, to a living, breathing world, as if you had already entered there. Think also in how many forms and by what various instruments the great destroyer accomplishes his work. The very sources of life become the means of dissolution. The air which you breathe is charged with noxious vapors. The water which quenches your thirst is impregnated with poison. The food which nourishes you carries pain and disease into the frame. In the complicated system of nature the bane and aliment of life are found together. The means employed to preserve existence become the means of its destruction.

But I feel that all these considerations impress us lightly compared with events like this which has brought us together. Within the last few months the sentiment of our frailty has been forced upon the mind with peculiar frequency and power. Among the men whom we have been accustomed to regard with reverence there has been an unusual mortality. Especially has it been among

the Liberal Clergy of New England. The breaches in our spiritual Zion have been wide and in rapid succession. Light after light that shone long and clearly among us, has been extinguished. It is not yet a year since we deposited in the grave the remains of the venerable Dr. Bancroft, for more than half a century the fearless defender of religious liberty, and for many years at the head of the clergy of this County. Then after a few months followed the excellent Dr. Tuckerman, a man whose deep sympathies led him to consecrate himself, and wear away his strength in administering to the wants of the poor, and whose fame has spread wherever the name of philanthropist is honored and good deeds are held in reverence. In a few days more succeeded Dr. Kirkland, late President of Harvard University, the well loved instructor, the accomplished scholar and learned divine. And before the season of mourning has passed, while the funeral dirge is yet sounding on the ear, another champion of religion has been called to his account. And under what peculiarly impressive circumstances! As I contemplate them, I feel more than ever a sense of our frailty. A voice more moving and instructive than all our reasonings comes from that silent coffin. Who of all this large assembly that looked upon the cheerful and animated countenance of our venerable father and friend but three weeks ago, dreamed that he should never see him more? Who contemplated the possibility that he would never return to his home and his duties? Who was prepared for a scene like this? Though warned by the frequent monitions of Providence and by his advanced

age, I must confess when the tidings of his death reached me, they produced a shock which I could not but feel; for after he had commenced his journey, he was so cheerful and active, he spoke to me so confidently of his prospects, plans and hopes, that no sad forebodings mingled with our parting wishes. I had no intimations, no apprehensions of his danger. But in the inscrutable wisdom of God his hour had come. The sentence of death was passed and could not be delayed. It overtook him far away from his home, and he fell asleep among strangers. He went from us in the full tide of enjoyment and hope, and he has returned, and asks only for a place in his tomb.

My Hearers, while reflections like these are crowding the mind, while we are made to feel as we do not ordinarily our insecurity, and before we deposit these remains in the grave, it may be well, it may do us good, to dwell a few brief moments on the life and character of our venerable father now gone, who for more than forty-seven years has been the minister of this people, and has occupied a distinguished position among the clergy of New England. Often has his voice spoken from this place,—let the silent record which he has left in our memories, and which is sealed as his account on high, now instruct and admonish us.

NATHANIEL THAYER may be said to have been born at the altar and for the Church. He was a direct lineal descendant of the celebrated John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, and belonged to a family in which there has been an uninterrupted succession of clergymen for nearly two hundred and thirty years, among whom may be found

some of the brightest ornaments of the New England Churches. He was born in Hampton, N. H., July 11, 1769—a year remarkable for the number of distinguished men to whom it gave birth. His father, the Rev. Ebenezer Thayer, was for many years the respected minister of that place. For a long period an officer of College, the associate and intimate friend of the distinguished men of the revolution, professing a creed less stern than was usual, he was remarkable in his day for his learning, for the dignity and suavity of his manners, and the placidity of his temper and disposition. His mother seems to have possessed much of the energy which belonged to her family. Her father, John Cotton of Newton, was celebrated in his time for his virtues and accomplishments, and especially for his various powers in the pulpit. And we are told that they who enjoyed the privilege of hearing both, could trace a striking resemblance in air, voice and manner, between the grandson and his distinguished ancestor.

His childhood and early youth were passed under the parental roof, where he received those deep impressions which saved him from the levity of youthful inexperience, and which led him to form that perfect propriety of deportment, and seriousness of manner, that marked his later years. At this period he was uncommonly thoughtful and sedate, and he probably could not remember the time when the great truths of religion did not exert a hallowing influence over his thoughts, motives and conduct. At a suitable age he was removed to Exeter Academy, and was of the first class of pupils offered by

that now venerable institution for admission to our still more venerable University. He left this place without a stain upon his purity, with the unqualified approbation of his instructor; and with brightening hopes and quickened zeal entered on the larger field of collegiate study. Here he was brought into intimate communion with some of the master spirits of his times. Emerson and Kirkland were his cotemporaries and class mates. His rivals in the class room, his fellow laborers afterwards in a higher sphere of duty, he formed with them a friendship, which received no abatement until it was interrupted by death. In securing the affectionate regards of his fellow students he did not forfeit the confidence of the Government of the College, for he was graduated with distinguished reputation, filled for one year the office of Tutor, and at a later period received the highest honors in his profession from the same institution.

Having left College with a mind disciplined and enriched by diligent study—what is more, having passed its ordeal without a touch or stain upon the purity of his character, immediately after commencement in 1789, he entered on the study of Divinity with the Rev. Dr. Osgood of Medford, at the same time as a means of support taking charge of the grammar school in that town. He could not have been more fortunate in the selection of an instructor. If there was a man who stood apart from the dry technicalities of his profession, whose discernment and energy of mind enabled him to perceive, and whose fearless independence prompted him to meet the exigencies of his times, it was he. 'Those times were fraught

with peculiar peril to the New England Churches. It was the period of the French revolution. A deep sympathy with France in her struggle for liberty pervaded the country. French philosophy and French infidelity were largely imported, and were spreading through the community and sapping the foundations of religion and good morals. Voltaire and Diderot and Tom Paine were eagerly read, and the country seemed fast verging towards the unprincipled licentiousness which prevailed in the old world. And how was this deluge of corruption to be arrested? The arm of the civil power could not reach it. An appeal to the authority of the Church could not stop it. The technical preaching and cold dogmatism of the times could not prevail against it. It remained only to set aside the creeds of other days, appeal to the great principles of rational freedom, review the grounds of Christian faith, and shew that Christianity is consistent with reason, that it is the gift of love, and that it is connected with man's highest interests in this world and another. Besides this, among the better educated ministers a more intimate acquaintance was beginning to be formed with the more liberal and enlightened theologians of England. Fifty years before, Whitfield complained that the clergymen of New England were forsaking the good old Puritan writers, and were drinking in the heresies of Taylor and Tillotson and Clarke and Emlyn. And now Lardner and Price and Priestly were added to the list, and were diligently studied by those who were preparing for the sacred profession. Accordingly, a class of divines arose, distinguished, not so much for a fervid eloquence,

for appeals to the imagination and heart, or for an indiscriminate and undiscerning inculcation of traditional doctrines, as for addresses to the enlightened understanding. They stood up for truth and freedom and the sacred rights of the mind. They discarded in a great measure the peculiar language of theology, and uttered tones familiar to the ears of men. They stripped religion of its stern and gloomy aspect, and vindicated its affectionate character, and shewed, more fully than had been done before, its intimate connection with the duties of common life. They had their mission, and wisely and faithfully was it sustained. Under such circumstances, it was easy to foresee to what class of Christians the intelligent student in theology would belong. Dr. Thayer was from the first a Liberal Christian. The principles of toleration were engrained in his heart. Religion lay in his mind, not encompassed with subtleties, but in a simple and rational form. And, addressing himself to the reason, judicious in his thoughts, never offending the most fastidious taste, possessed of a voice of rich, deep, and varied tones, and a manner peculiarly impressive; above all, meeting by a combination of powers the wants of his times, from the moment he obtained a license, he was a decidedly popular preacher, and was received with welcome into the pulpits of our New England churches. In proof of this, it needs but be stated that only a few months after his approbation he received a formal invitation to settle in the ministry over the Church worshipping on Church Green in Boston, afterwards committed to the pastoral charge of his friend Mr. Kirkland. And at a

subsequent period overtures were made to him to occupy the pulpit of the First Church, soon afterwards so ably filled by his other friend Mr. Emerson.

The first scene of his ministry was Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he spent nearly a year in the delightful family of the Secretary of War, the late Col. Timothy Pickering. This period was always remembered by him with peculiar gratification. It was the bright morning of his ministerial life, when the dew was yet fresh upon the mountains, and before a budding hope had withered. At the end of half a century, the enchanting scenery of this village on the banks of the Susquehanna, so famed on the sad page of history and in song, was bright and clear and well defined in his imagination, as if it had been seen but yesterday.

Fair Wyoming,

Although the wild flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.

Sweet land—how do its melancholy story and romantic groves rise on the memory! Among the expected pleasures of his last journey was that of again visiting the spot where his youthful labors began. He told me that he had never been there since he left it forty-eight years ago—that his early friends were gone—that he should find himself among strangers—that all would be changed but his heart towards this place of his first love. But in the wisdom of God, the anticipated satisfaction was denied

him ; perhaps that he might meet in fairer regions, who shall say how many of those friends, as the seal of his ministry and the crown of his rejoicing.

In the summer of 1793 he began to preach to this ancient Church and Society, then under the care of the venerable Mr. Harrington. After the usual term of probation he received an unanimous invitation to settle as colleague Pastor, and was ordained on the ninth of October. And two years after, he was left by the death of his associate in sole charge of this flock. The day of his ordination was one of the brightest in the autumn. It was the season when in Indian lore the soft breezes were believed to come from the land of spirits, and peculiar auspices were supposed to attend human enterprises. It was a season of unalloyed joy and hope in the hearts of this people. And among the transactions of the day there was one incident, so impressive, so consonant with the general feeling, that it remains fresh in the recollections of the aged to this hour. While the youthful candidate was making his vows at the altar and was receiving from his brethren and fathers in the ministry the charge to be faithful and true, the aged and infirm Pastor was stretched upon a bed of languishing to which he had for many weeks been confined. His strength was wasting away and the fountains of life were drying up within him. But his work was not quite done. One act yet remained, and then he was ready to go. Accordingly, when the rite of ordination was over and his youthful associate, invested with the sacred office, was passing by with the procession of his parishioners and friends, the

old man was borne to the gate of his dwelling, his eyes dim with years and his locks streaming in the wind, and, there supported, he placed his trembling hand on the head of the young Pastor and invoked on him the blessing of Heaven. Almost in the words of Simeon he gave utterance to his emotions. "I now die in peace. I can now go and bear witness to my brother from whom I received this people, that I leave them united, prospered and happy." Fortunate, favored man, who in dying could bear such a testimony as this! Happy the minister who as he reviews the past can put his hand upon his bosom and appeal there for the sincerity of his motives and endeavors; who, as the fruit of his labor, can see united with him a large, prospered and affectionate society, and when he is no more, shall be gently laid in his tomb, while the associates of other days, the companions of his youth and the friends of later years, shall sleep all around. Fitting termination of a relation among the most intimate and endearing on earth!

How far the prayer of the aged saint has been answered, how far the wishes and hopes of his people on that day have been fulfilled, the history of this Church and Society and the presence of this numerous assembly bear witness. That your late Pastor entered on the duties of his profession with an enlightened view of its sublime objects, and with the earnest aim and endeavor and constant study to promote the truest interests of Christianity cannot be doubted. The methods which he adopted to secure his object and the success which has attended his labors can be best appreciated by those who have enjoy-

ed them, and by Him whose piercing eye surveys every deed and purpose of man. So retired is the sphere of the Pastor's labors, and so much in the intellectual and spiritual world, that his truest success and best achievements can be but partially known. Like the good man always, apart from the observation of men he does his principal work. His great business lies amid the more tranquil and retired scenes of life.

There unfatigued

His fervent spirit labors. There he fights
And there obtains fresh triumph o'er the world,
And never withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps, are weeds.

I make no attempt therefore minutely to trace the course and results of his ministry, and analyze his character and habits of mind. It is for those who have known him for years and been associated with him intimately, to speak of him as he was, and do full justice to those qualities of mind and heart which will linger long in the memory of us all, and which will gain for him a lasting name among the New England clergy.

Among the traits which could not escape the attention of any, and which imparted a peculiar coloring to his habits of mind, affected his manners and gave unity and consistency to all the purposes of life, this was remarkable.—He was thoroughly a minister. He revered the sacred profession. Its duties were his delight—its objects, the crown of his rejoicing. The pulpit, however humble, in his view was a post of higher honor than a throne, and the pastoral relation was second only in intimacy to those

of the fireside of home. He was zealous for the honor and influence of the ministry, and the prosperity of the New England Churches was dear to his heart. He coveted success in the sacred profession, and his thoughts, studies and efforts were principally devoted to this object. From the first he occupied a field of toilsome duty, which required for its cultivation the strength of his intellect and the freshness of his affections. Under any circumstances the pastoral office demands habits of unceasing activity. Having a numerous congregation scattered over a large extent of territory, he gave to it the full energy of his mind and heart. He was industrious beyond most men. He was laborious and exact in his preparations for the pulpit. Although from the variety and extent of his duties he was subject to frequent interruption, and was almost daily called from his study to a distance which occupied hours, the Sabbath always found him ready for its services. And it may be added, that even to a late period of his ministry, when in consequence of the infirmities of age and the changes of his congregation, he might with perfect propriety and perhaps equal usefulness have availed himself of his former labors, yet such were his notions of ministerial fidelity—such was his conscientious abhorrence of an old sermon, that he seldom failed to produce a new one. And at the period of his death he had written in a fair legible hand nearly two thousand.

But the weekly preparations for the pulpit constituted but a part of his labors. Living in the interior of the State, and without a rival there for many years as a pop-

ular preacher, he was often called away from home. There could be scarcely an ordination even far beyond his own neighborhood without him. On many of these occasions he was invited to preach and his discourses were published. Of the twenty-three publications which were issued by him from the press, many were of this character.

He often exhibited considerable ability in the statement and developement of Christian doctrine, and there was occasionally a strain of earnestness, delivered in his own impressive manner, that was altogether effective. There are many who will remember with pleasure the impression produced on their minds by the following passage from a sermon delivered at an installation in Hubbardston. "What did the world more need than an Instructor to enlighten them in all the will of God ; a Model of undeviating and spotless virtue and holiness ; a Savior from the present and distant evils of moral corruption ; a Redeemer from the power of the grave ; and a Guide to direct their upward course to Heaven and to God ? Give me a Savior who shall by his gospel impart light to my mind, purity to my heart and tenderness to my conscience. Give me a Savior who shall lead me by his instructions and perfect example in obtaining a victory over my sinful propensities, appetites and passions. Give me a Savior who shall secure me in the possession of a sure and unfailing promise of the mercy of God, if I am penitent and obedient. Give me a Savior who shall lead me in triumph, by faith in him, through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Give me a Savior who by his resurrection from the grave has set before me a proof of my own resurrec-

tion. Give me a Savior in whom I can confide when he tells me that in his Father's house are many mansions and that if I am faithful, where he is I shall be also. Give me a Savior who can teach, practice, promise all this, and whose authority to reveal the promise is unquestionably established ; and I need nothing more to constrain me to acknowledge that I believe him to be all sufficient, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." This extract, while it embodies his views on a very important doctrine of our religion, may be regarded as a favorable specimen of his manner. If he never reached the higher efforts of eloquence, he was always appropriate to the time and place, always judicious in the selection of his topics, and in this respect was sometimes eminently successful. When Lafayette, as the nation's guest, made his triumphal tour through the country, he was addressed by Dr. Thayer in a manner peculiarly happy. The address at that time made a strong impression upon the assembled multitudes that were gathered at the spot ; and as he concluded with these words, "It is especially our prayer that on that day in which the acclamations and applauses of dying men shall cease to reach or affect you, you may receive from the Judge of character and the Dispenser of imperishable honors, as the reward of philanthropy and incorruptible integrity, a crown of glory which shall never fade," the Veteran trembled with emotion. He mentioned at the time how deeply he was affected ; and years afterwards in the saloons of Paris, amidst the flattery of king and courtiers, and the more sincere homage of a nation, he was accustomed to refer

with pleasure to the beautiful scenery of the banks of the Nashua, and the heart thrilling address of the venerable minister of Lancaster.

But there were other demands upon the time and strength of the late Pastor of this Church. He fell upon a period of great religious agitation, and of change in the condition of the New England Churches. The old order of things was breaking up, and a new condition of affairs was to be established. Differences between minister and people arose, and the rights of each were to be ascertained and adjusted. The great question of religious liberty was at issue, and was to be settled on a firm and imperishable basis. During his life time he sat on no less than one hundred and fifty councils; not seldom in connection with his venerated friend, Dr. Bancroft. The results of these councils were often drawn up by himself, and involved an amount of labor, and did a service to the cause of Christianity, which can be but poorly appreciated by those who are unacquainted with these subjects, and who do not perceive the importance of great principles in Church polity, as well as in Christian belief.

Nor in consequence of these numerous engagements abroad did he neglect the performance of his parochial duties at home. There was scarcely a week in the year in which a half day was not given to subjects connected with the education of the young. He was attentive to all the details of public instruction in the town. And the Sabbath School—an institution of recent establishment, so wont to be frowned upon by the aged as an innovation upon the practices of the fathers, was cordially

sustained by him, and fostered with an enthusiastic devotion no way inferior to that of the youngest and most ardent of his brethren. In the more appropriate offices of his profession, he was prompt, impartial and exact. When he was able, I do not believe that the humblest and most obscure individual in his parish ever desired his attendance in the chamber of sickness and sorrow in vain. It might be in the most remote part of the town—amid the burning heats of summer or the pelting storms of winter, under the pressing weight of other duties, in domestic bereavement, in infirmity of body and weariness of mind—yet there he would be, in the chamber of sickness and by the bed of death, to administer the last admonitions, consolations and offices of religion. If he did not always bring home to the conscience of the erring the power of religious truth, he knew how to speak words of comfort to the heart stricken and desponding. The aged, the poor, the burthened, they whom none else would pity or care for, found in him a prompt benefactor and sympathizing friend. And among the many whom his sudden death has plunged in grief, there are none who will shed more bitter tears than the destitute, the enfeebled, the widowed and childless, the forlorn—who sit apart in their solitary places, and remember that they shall no more see his countenance or hear his voice among them.

Nor was our venerable Father without traits of a more domestic and personal character. His hospitality was large and generous. It extended to all, like the aged elms around his mansion. His doors were thrown widely

open ; and the friend and the stranger were invited to sit at his table and repose beneath the shadow of his roof. To the inmates of his dwelling he was kind and considerate. By many once occupying a circle around his fire-side, now scattered over the land in places of dignity and responsibility, his influence will be felt to the latest period of their lives. Some of their wisest maxims and some of their best impulses they may trace to the unconscious impressions which he was enabled to leave upon their minds. His placid countenance is associated with their earliest and most fixed resolves—his voice going up in the morning and evening sacrifice, with their most hallowed religious feelings. And in the more intimate relation of husband and father he was gentle and affectionate. The playful companion rather than the severe governor of his children—their ready confidant from their tender years, his influence was like that of the rising sun and falling dews, constantly vivifying and refreshing. In a word, he was a Christian gentleman, never offending against the most rigid rules of propriety abroad, sweetening home by the presence and exercise of the Christian graces, endearing his friends by his constant kindness, attracting strangers by his undeviating politeness and affability.

Dr. Thayer enjoyed a green old age. Although, with a single exception, the oldest minister in the State having the sole charge of a parish, he continued in the exercise of his ministerial functions with undiminished ardor and with few interruptions to the last. At length, debilitated somewhat by the labors of the past spring, three weeks

ago to-day, he commenced a journey for the pleasures of relaxation and the recovery of his health. The day before he had stood where I now stand, and administered the ordinances of baptism and the supper to an unusual number. The spectacle of so many children and youth, offered and offering themselves in the holy rites of our religion, touched his heart. It was a season of unmingled satisfaction ; and he frequently referred to it as the happiest in his life. He began his journey under favorable auspices, and every hour was enjoyed. The almost uninterrupted clearness of the sky, the fragrance of the air, and the richness of fields and forests through which he passed, brought a glow of health to his cheek and animation to his spirits. Every object attracted his attention — every scene awakened his interest. He gazed with wonder on the improvements around him, and speculated as a Christian on that portion of the country through which he was passing. After spending a week of pleasure and improvement at Saratoga Springs, he pursued his course by easy stages towards the Falls of Niagara, and was arrested by death at Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday, June 23, at two o'clock in the morning. The day before had been spent as he would desire to have done it had he foreseen that it would be his last. Large portions of it had been occupied in most interesting conversations on religious subjects with fellow travellers, which, if they leave no lasting impression upon their minds, will be remembered with gratitude by the daughter who was his companion. In the evening he retired at his usual time and in his usual health; and no in-

timations were given of the veiled events of the coming hour. But the messenger of death had been sent and was already on his way—and in the silence of the night and in a strange city he came—and the aged pastor, familiar with his form, perceived that his hand was upon him, and felt his cold breath upon his cheek, but his presence and power created no alarm. Without a murmur or a sigh of discontent he yielded to the decisions of an unerring Providence, and, serene and cheerful, awaited the final issue. His mind was never clearer, or his heart warmer. His thoughts were among his family and the people whom he loved—“Give them my dying love,” said he to the daughter whose privilege it was to stand by his bedside. “Tell them I cheerfully submit.—I die in the faith I have preached.—I die in peace and in the hopes of the gospel.” It was all that he could say; and then in accordance with his oft repeated prayer that he might not survive his usefulness or the possession of his powers—that he might not die a lingering and painful death,—he sunk to his rest as calmly and gently as an infant into its slumbers. And they who were there that night and witnessed that death, although but strangers the day before, and of a faith differing from his own, took note and said “a good man has fallen.” And

Who shall weep when the righteous die ?

Who shall mourn when the good depart ?

When the soul of the godly away shall fly,

Who shall lay the loss to heart ?

He has gone into peace ; he has laid him down

In sleep till the dawn of a brighter day,

And he shall awake on that holy morn
Where sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

To the afflicted Widow, Children, and Relatives of our departed father I would present my most heartfelt sympathy. My friends, it may seem almost unnatural, that, at this season when the face of nature is exhibiting such tokens of cheerfulness, and such large provisions are made for human happiness, your hearts should be unable to vibrate with the general joy—that this sudden darkness should have come on all your prospects—that an affectionate husband, an indulgent parent, a valued associate should have been torn from your embrace. But it is not an enemy that hath done this. It is the wise discipline of a Father that loves you. Ye believe in God. Ye believe also in Christ. Let not your hearts then be troubled. Remember the words which he uttered while he was with us: “In my Father’s house are many mansions.” There dwell the good, relieved from the toils and burthens of this mortal existence. And husband, children, sisters, friends, I trust, are there, for I behold, and lo a great multitude whom no man can number of all nations and kindred and people and tongues. And, ask you what are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they? These are they who have come out of much tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Was it not meet that he whom you mourn should drop his earthly covering and put on the immortal robes? And could you have desired for him a less painful—a more peaceful change? Comfort yourselves, my friends, with these

reflections. Let the hopes of our religion be in you and abound.

My Brethren and Fathers in the Ministry. The present year will be marked in the annals of our Churches. How many of the pillars of our Zion have fallen ! How many of our associates and friends have departed ! The fathers, where are they ? Gone are they to render their account. The faithful fall from among the children of men. The voices of the aged and venerable are hushed. The loved forms that used to rise up before us have disappeared. Their last invitations and warnings have been given. Their last prayers in earthly assemblies have been offered. And can it be so ? When we look upon the tranquil face of nature—upon the material world retaining its wonted aspect—upon the uninterrupted outgoings of the morning and the unfailing returns of the evening, we can scarcely realize the greatness of the change that has passed over us. But when we come to the place where fervent devotions have been wont to go up and lessons of grave instruction to be given ; when questions of difficulty arise and counsels of wisdom are needed ; when we pass the dwelling where kindness and hospitality reigned and hear no word of welcome from accustomed lips, then do we realize indeed that a change has come and that they who were with us are not. They are gone. But we, my brethren, are yet spared, and have a work to do. Whether our ministry shall be longer or shorter, let us not be anxious to enquire. But while sin is in the world and temptations abound—while souls that might attain to angelic excellence are besotted

and enslaved by low worldly habits—while men and women with capacities for immortal and ever increasing happiness, Esau like, are casting from them the treasure for a present gratification or gain, we must work,—and though faint and weary, we must still work. Onward then, my brethren, in a holy resolve and endeavor. Remember, the season for spiritual toil is brief. The day of grace is hastening to a close. The shadows of night are coming down from the mountains. He lives longest who accomplishes most. Watch ye, then, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

My Brethren of this Church and Society. By the event that has called us together you have sustained a loss which you only can appreciate. The light which has shone in this place for nearly half a century is extinguished. The voice which you have been accustomed to hear is silent. The heart that beat in unison with your own has ceased to throb. The countenance that was welcome to your dwellings is fixed in death. The guide of this people and the pastor of this flock is now to occupy the narrow precincts of the tomb. At this solemn hour, how many tender recollections must rush into your minds. With how many of the most interesting reminiscences of life is his image associated. On many of you, when you were too young to be conscious of the act yourselves, when parental devotion in the hour of fervent gratitude and hope offered you to the service of God and Christ, his hand sprinkled the waters of baptism and his lips invoked a blessing. When in later years you again approached the altar, he welcomed you to the table

of our Lord and broke unto you the bread of life. When you have come to this place of sacred instruction Sabbath after Sabbath, he has stood here and dispensed to you the great lessons of truth and duty. He has been with you in joy and sorrow, sanctioned by his prayers your nuptial vows, soothed by his sympathies your griefs for the loved and lost, and entered your chamber of sickness and raised your sinking souls above the weakness of the body and opened to you the prospects of life eternal. And now, as the remembrances of these things come thronging into your minds, can you fail to ask,—does not the question press upon the conscience, have you redeemed these pledges of your childhood, and observed these vows of your maturer years? Have none of his counsels of wisdom been slighted? Have all the invitations of religion which proceeded from his lips been accepted? Have the lofty principles and spirit of the gospel been formed within you? Is the love of God and Christ and goodness enkindled in your hearts, and does it shed over your whole lives and conduct its gentle, purifying and ennobling influence? Are you emancipated from earth-born corrupting habits, pressing onward in the career of Christian virtue, rejoicing in Christian hope? My brethren, these are questions which you must ask in your bereavement. They are forced upon the mind, and cannot be evaded. Have you been true to your interests, faithful to your opportunities? Not here in this crowded assembly,—not when the feelings are agitated with emotion,—not to man, frail and sinful like yourselves, be the answer. But take some still quiet hour, when the pas-

sions are hushed and the great responsibilities of life are brought clearly to view, and then and there in the solemnity of the soul and in the presence of God, let the reply be made. 'Though dead, may your lamented pastor yet speak to you. Remember, your welfare was dear to his heart. If strength had been given him, his last prayer would have been, that, as he received you, you may remain an united, prospered and happy people. Have you forgotten his earnest and almost prophetic language while he was with you? "You will not doubt my sincerity when I express a firm belief that the peace of this town and the hope that no root of bitterness will spring up to interrupt it, are to all of us subjects of devout thanksgiving. I add, if on that day when death shall dissolve the tie that connects us as minister and people, I can leave you as I now behold you, an united, growing, prosperous and happy people; if I may be supported by the hope that you will have a minister who will be a peace-maker, who will be more valiant for the truth and able to defend it, more faithful and devoted to you and your children than your present minister has been, one of the first desires of his soul in relation to your state as a Christian society will be accomplished." By your respect then for his memory—by your regard for the well being of yourselves and your children, let no dissensions arise among you. Now the shepherd is gone, let the flock the more earnestly cleave together. Let your counsels be united and your hearts be as the heart of one; and the prayers of all good men will be offered in your behalf, and the smiles of Heaven will be upon

you. Happy will you be if you find a successor who will be a peace-maker ; who will be more valiant for the truth and able to defend it—more faithful and devoted to you and your children than your lamented pastor.

To the Children and Youth of the Sabbath School here assembled I have one word to add, and then I have done. My Young Friends, you have come here perhaps to look on these weeds of wo, to occupy a place in this funeral pageant, and to listen to what I might say of your honored and venerated minister. Before we part let me suggest a thought that will be useful to yourselves. You may have read, for we are told by the Jewish historian, that when Jerusalem was besieged a solitary voice was heard at the dead of night echoing through the still and vacant streets of the devoted city, and saying, "Arise, depart, for this is not your rest." And they who heard that voice deemed the city no longer their home. They went to their labors with their pilgrim's staff in their hands and shoes on their feet for the journey ; and whether men, women or children, all were ready when another sign should warn them to go. And my friends, are there not many voices coming to your ears, not merely in solitude, but in the busiest scenes of life ; not merely at midnight, but morning, noon and every hour of the day,—from the changing fields and forests, from the word and the providence of God, from the chamber of sickness and the fresh made graves of your friends, saying to you also, "Arise, depart, for this is not your rest." You are bound for another country. God is your Father and your home is in the skies—prepare yourselves to

receive the smile of his welcome and a place in some of his mansions. Lean not on earth—Defer not a present duty—Begin now your upward course. For, what is your life? To-day you may rejoice in your health and strength, and to-morrow—where may you be to-morrow? Its sun you may never see. You may retire this night with your plans and full blown hopes, as did your venerable father, and amid silence and darkness be hurried to your account. Be thoughtful then, be affectionate, be dutiful. Remember now your Creator, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them. Watch, for you know not the day nor the hour. What I say unto you I say unto all—watch.

A P P E N D I X.



HIS ANCESTRY. P. 7.

This statement is not merely conjectural. The genealogical table is complete. Every link is supplied. Dr. Thayer's maternal grandfather, as has been said, was the Rev. John Cotton of Newton. He was born in 1694, and ordained Nov. 3, 1714, at the early age of twenty. He was universally called "the Great Gun of the Gospel," and seems to have inspired a singular degree of reverence in the minds of his cotemporaries. We are told, "the Church and religious society in this place enjoyed the happy resettlement of the Gospel Ministry among them by the ordination of the Rev. John Cotton, M. A., descendant of the celebrated John Cotton, first minister of Boston." "So high was the respect cherished for the virtues and accomplishments of this youth of twenty, that the town in general went in procession, met and gave him a joyful welcome upon his entrance into it as a candidate." "His labors," we are told, "through life were faithful, fervent, acceptable, and considerably successful. He died of a fever, after a short illness, in which he gave his dying counsels to his parishioners present, and expressed his animating hopes, May 17, 1757."*

His father was the Rev. Rowland Cotton of Sandwich. He was ordained Nov. 8, 1694, and died March 18, 1722. He was a faithful and successful minister, and, as was the custom of clergymen living in the neighborhood of Indian settlements, he

* 1 Hist. Coll. v. 5.

learned the Indian language, and gave a portion of his attention to their instruction. In an account of "a visitation to the Indian plantations within the province of Massachusetts Bay," the following testimony is given to his fidelity. "At Mashpah, belonging to Sandwich, we found another assembly of Indians, among whom the Rev. Rowland Cotton frequently dispenses the word, unto whose good progress in the Indian language we cannot but subjoin our attestation, having heard him dispense the word to them." His brother Josiah Cotton, magistrate of Plymouth, was eminently skilled in the Indian language, of which he published a vocabulary. A manuscript sermon of his, half Indian and half English, is in the library of the Antiquarian Society.*

Their father was John Cotton of Plymouth, who was ordained pastor of the Church, June 30, 1669. In consequence of a difference of opinion on some subjects of Ecclesiastical polity, dissatisfaction arose, which led to his dismissal Oct. 5, 1697, "to the great grief of a number in church and town who earnestly desired his continuance." He was afterwards invited to re-settle in Charleston, S. C., where he died Sept. 18, 1699. He was accounted "a man of strong parts and good ability to preach the word of God." He was laborious, active, faithful, and eminently successful. He was well acquainted with the Indian language, and indefatigable in his efforts to convert the natives to Christianity. He published the second edition of Elliot's Indian Bible with a Grammar.*

His father was the famous JOHN COTTON, minister of the first church in Boston.

INVITATION TO SETTLE IN BOSTON. P. 11.

The text is not strictly accurate; but by the kindness of my friend, the present Pastor of the New South Church, I am able to correct it. He never received a formal invitation to settle. But at a meeting of the Society held March 3, 1793, on a ques-

* Hist. Coll. Ell. Biog. Dict. Farmer's Reg.

tion to determine the number desirous of giving him a call, a majority was found in his favor—but in consequence of a subsequent vote no invitation was given him. The record is as follows :

On motion, it was voted, That the sense of the Society be taken by yeas and nays to determine the number desirous of giving Mr. Thayer a call to settle. On counting the votes, it appeared that the whole number were fifty-one, of which thirty-three were for giving Mr. Thayer a call and eighteen in the negative.

On motion whether it be expedient (all circumstances considered) to give Mr. Thayer a call to settle, it was unanimously voted not expedient.

In the First Church no votes were taken. But a movement was made and a committee, composed of leading members of the society, sought an interview to learn if invited, whether he would accept; but to his honor as a faithful and conscientious minister, he rejected the overtures, preferring rather than sever the ties which bound him to his people in Lancaster and wound their affections, to forego the honor and advantage of having a city congregation.

HIS PREDECESSORS. P. 13.

The following notices of the ministry in Lancaster were furnished by a friend, taken principally from printed discourses and from the records of the town.

Lancaster was incorporated in 1653, there being then nine families in the place. "From the year 1654, Mr. Rowlandson preached among them until the 14th of April 1658; at which time they invited him to settle in the work of the ministry among them; and he accepted their invitation, and probably was ordained the same year." He continued their minister till 1676,—when King Philip's war having commenced, Lancaster—then containing above fifty families—was destroyed by the Indians, many of the inhabitants killed, and the rest dispersed. During the dispersion of the Lancaster people, Mr. Rowlandson

was invited to preach at Weathersfield in Connecticut, and died before the resettlement of the town—which was about four years from the time of its destruction.—After the resettlement of the place, the pulpit was supplied by several persons, and no minister settled, till 1690—when Mr. John Whiting, son of the venerable Samuel Whiting of Billerica, was ordained. In 1697, during a war in which N. England was involved with the Canadians, French, and Indians, Mr. Whiting being on some occasion at a distance from his garrison, was surprised and killed by the enemy. They indeed offered him quarter; but he chose to fight to the last, rather than resign himself to those whose tender mercies were cruelty. At the same time twenty others were killed; two wounded; and six carried into captivity.

In 1701, Andrew Gardner was settled. “On the 26th Oct. 1704 (says Mr. Harrington in his century sermon, from which the above facts are obtained) there having been a party of the enemy discovered at Still-River, the soldiers and inhabitants belonging to the Rev. Mr. Gardner’s Garrison, with divers others, went in quest of them; who returning in the evening fatigued with the service of the day, Mr. Gardner in compassion took the watch that night upon himself; and coming out of the box late at night, was heard by one between sleeping and waking in the house, who supposing him an enemy, seized the first gun which came to hand, and shot him through the body in the Parade. But the fatal mistake immediately appeared; and he being carried into the house, forgave the person that shot him; and in an hour or two expired, to the great grief not only of his consort, but of his people, who had an exceeding value for him.” John Hancock, of Lexington, in his sermon at the installation of Mr. Harrington, alludes to him as “a hopeful and promising young gentleman.”

John Prentice was ordained 29th March, 1708; and “after a life of much service, faithfulness, and love, on the 6th of Jan’y 1748, deceased, aged 66, greatly lamented.” Mr. Hancock, in the sermon just quoted from, says (after enumerating the calamities that had befallen the people—and especially the persons and families of the first three ministers of Lancaster)—“Thus God has broken in upon you as the breaking forth of waters;

you remember the affliction and the misery, the wormwood and the gall. But since these days have rolled over you, God has shown that he had mercy in store for you. O how have you been greatly smiled upon in the life and labors of the Rev. Mr. John Prentice, who having obtained help from God ministered unto you for the space of 40 years. God made him a blessing to you; he was a burning and shining light, and you rejoiced in that light for a long season. As God gave him the tongue of the learned, so he knew how to speak a word to him that was weary; the God of the spirits of all flesh fitted him for his work, and taught him how he ought to behave himself in the house of God. They that knew him, esteemed him for his piety, his probity, his peaceableness, and gentleness, and for his commendable steadiness in these uncertain times. And ye are witnesses of God also, how holily, how justly, how unblameably he behaved himself among you, serving the Lord in all humility of mind. He was a practical, scriptural, profitable preacher; have you profited under it? God knows, and your consciences they know. He was of a firm, unbroken constitution, till about a year before his death, and was temperate in all things, and with the help of that *Prudence** God gave him, he managed them with discretion. And now behold I know, that ye all among whom he has been so long preaching the kingdom of God, shall see his face no more. * * * And may God make you, his successor, a greater blessing still. And may a double portion of his excellent spirit rest upon you." There is extant in print an Election sermon of Mr. Prentice's, delivered in Boston May 28, 1735.

1987596

Timothy Harrington was installed as his successor Nov. 16, 1748. He died Dec. 18, 1795, aged 80; and in the 48th year of his ministry at Lancaster.

In regard to both his immediate predecessors, Dr. Thayer has the following passage in a sermon of his delivered Dec. 29, 1816, on leaving the old Church, in which they and himself had ministered. "Innumerable are the evils and dangers, which flow from Churches being without the regular dispensation of the word and ordinances. In view of these evils and dangers,

* A poor pun upon the name of his wife.

we notice the extraordinary goodness of Divine Providence in the longevity and usefulness of my two immediate predecessors who ministered in this house. It is indeed a memorable fact in our history, that in one hundred and eight years past there have been only ten months, the time which elapsed between the death of Rev. Mr. Prentice and the Installation of Rev. Mr. Harrington, in which this Church has been without a settled minister. It is no less worthy of being mentioned with gratitude, that our records are not defaced with any instance of a controversy between this Church and either of its pastors. I have ever contemplated these two holy men as remarkably displaying a model of the ministerial character, at the time in which they respectively lived. In the Rev. Mr. Prentice were united the commanding dignity, the severity of manners, the pointedness in his public preaching, which were thought by the generation he served to be indispensable characteristics of a Christian minister. ‘The young men saw him and hid themselves; and the aged arose and stood up.’ The Rev. Mr. Harrington exhibited the urbanity, the condescension, the cheerfulness, the candor for youthful errors and frailties, which are congenial with the spirit of more modern times, and a nearer imitation of the temper of his Great Master. While classical learning shall be viewed an honorable attainment; while charity and the general practice of the ministerial and christian virtues shall enhance personal worth, or be esteemed an ornament to society and to the church, the name of Harrington will be in precious remembrance.”

Dr. Thayer in the passage just quoted remarks that in 108 years past there have been only ten months, in which his Church has been without a settled minister. That period is now extended, (making allowance for the time he was colleague with Mr. Harrington—which was upwards of two years) to 131 years. This remarkable fact of so long and constant a settled ministry, together with the extended duration of each ministry, and above all the characters of the ministers themselves, no doubt contributed greatly to the peace and prosperity of the Parish, and to the prospect of its continued harmony.

HIS MINISTRY. P. 13.

Of the ministers of the sixteen churches of which the ordaining council was composed, two only survive, and not one in connection with a religious society. Of the large parish over which he was ordained but few individuals now remain. One after another has gone before him, and the congregation of the dead is scarcely less numerous than that of the living. During his ministry he baptised 1017 individuals—admitted to his church 388—married 1038—and buried 1130.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS. P. 17.

Of his published discourses are the following :—Sermon at the funeral of his Colleague, Rev. Timothy Harrington, Dec. 23, 1795. Sermon on Annual Fast, April 2, 1795. Masonic Discourse, June 24, 1797. Artillery Election Sermon, June 4, 1798. Ordination Sermon of Rev. Elihu Whitcomb at Pepperell-borough, July 3, 1799. Installation Sermon of Rev. William Emerson at First Church, Boston, Oct. 16, 1799. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. John Sabin at Fitzwilliam, N. H., March 6, 1805. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Samuel Willard at Deerfield, Sept. 23, 1807. Sermon on the National Fast, Aug. 20, 1812. Sermon at the Interment of Rev. Francis Gardner at Leominster, June 6, 1814. Sermon on leaving the Old Church at Lancaster, Dec. 29, 1816. Sermon on entering the New Church at Lancaster, Jan. 1, 1817. Sermon at the Funeral of Henry Bromfield, Esq., of Harvard, Feb. 16, 1820. Election Sermon, May 28, 1823. Sermon at the Installation of Rev. Winthrop Bailey of Greenfield, Oct. 12, 1825. Sermon on Revivals of Religion in the Liberal Preacher, August, 1827. Sermon at the Dedication of the New Church in Stow, Oct. 1, 1827. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Wm. H. White at Littleton, Jan. 2, 1828. Discourse at Townsend, Feb. 10, 1828. Discourse at the Ordination of Rev. A. D. Jones, at Hubbardston, Nov. 13, 1828. Thanksgiving Discourse at Lancaster, Nov. 27, 1828. Discourse at the Ordination of

his son, Rev. Christopher T. Thayer, at Beverly, Jan. 27, 1830. Address at Berry-street Conference—on the modes of exerting religious influence at the present day, May 25, 1831.

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE. P. 18.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE—In behalf of the inhabitants of Lancaster, I offer you their cordial congratulations on your arrival in a country whose wrongs you felt and resented; whose liberties you valiantly defended; and whose interests and prospects have been dear to your soul.

We all unite with the few surviving veterans which were with, loved and respected you on the high places of the field, in giving you a welcome to this village, once the chosen residence of savages and the scene of their boasted triumph; and rejoice that you visit it under the improvements of civilized life, in prosperity and peace.

It gladdens us that we and our children may behold the man, whom we have believed and whom we have taught our children to believe, was second only to his and our friend, the immortal **WASHINGTON**. We participate in your joy, on beholding our institutions in vigor, our population extended, so that since you left us from a little one we have become millions, and from a small band a strong nation; that you see our glory rising, our Republic placed on an immovable basis, all of which are in part, under Providence, to be ascribed to your sacrifices, dangers, and toils.

We wish you health and prosperity. We assure you that wherever you shall go, you will be greeted by our fellow countrymen as one of the chief deliverers of America, and the friend of rational liberty and of man. It is especially our prayer, that in that day in which the acclamations and applauses of dying men shall cease to reach or affect you, you may receive from the Judge of character and Dispenser of unperishable honors, as the reward of philanthropy and incorruptible integrity, a crown of glory which shall never fade.

HIS FAMILY. P. 21.

He was married to Sarah Toppan, daughter of the Hon. Christopher Toppan, of his native village, Hampton—one of his father's principal parishioners, Oct. 22, 1795. She still survives to deplore his loss. Delicacy forbids my speaking of an union cemented by the mutual kind offices of nearly half a century, or of the aid which he derived in all the trying circumstances of his ministry from her sympathy and co-operation. They had eight children, of whom five only remain.



HIS DEATH. P. 22.

It is not certainly known of what disease he died. It was probably a congestion of the lungs. It is a little remarkable that the manner of his death should so nearly resemble that of his father, fifty-two years before, who was, also, cut off in the night in his usual vigor, after an evening cheerfully spent in company with his friends. Dr. Thayer died among strangers, but they can be regarded so no longer. The Christian courtesy and kindness of the clergy and people of Rochester, the prompt sympathy of the Rev. Mr. Whitehouse, of the Episcopal Church, in particular, who offered to throw open his house for a public funeral service, will ever be gratefully remembered by the bereaved family. The remains, attended by the daughter, who received every attention by the way which delicacy could prompt, were conveyed to Lancaster, and by another singular coincidence reposed under the same elms where his aged colleague had so many years before invoked on him a blessing, while prayers were offered in presence of the afflicted family and friends hastily gathered together. On Monday, June 29th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., they were carried to the Church where he had so long officiated. It was hung in black and filled in every part with the people of the town and its vicinity. In connection with the sermon, passages of Scripture were read by Mr. Osgood, late of Sterling, prayers were offered by Mr. Allen of Bolton and Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, and appropriate pieces of

music were sung. When the services were over, the lamented minister was borne from the portals of the house of God, to enter them no more. And as I saw the aged people following the bier, calling to mind the faithful services of half a century, and those of maturer years sorrowing as for a personal friend, and little children weeping that they should look upon the kind pastor no more—and then beheld the body laid in the silent tomb amid the associates of other days, it seemed to me a sublime and touching spectacle—a fitting termination of a long and devoted ministry.

SERVANT of God, well done!
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice of midnight came,
 He started up to hear;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame—
 He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him in the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.

The pains of death are past;
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Savior's joy.





